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Andy



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Chapter 1 by sherlockie

Nasty blood, he said to himself. His nose scrunch in disgust You know? Red stain on a brand new suit was not necessary. At this particular time, he should have known better to wear an old shirt. But, of course, he didn't have a schedule for hunting. I'm not a weirdo, he said. May be a little creep, but definitely not a weird man.

He didn't like to get the handle of his knife drench in a bloody flesh. It would leave a red stain on it, forever. Forever because it was not easy to clean it up, especially the small part of it's overwhelming carves. Now, it seems like he needed extra attention on it. The blood was flowing to his hand as he tilted the metal out, leaving the wound exposed to the freezing wind. Nothing like an annoying sobs would come out, because the human surely dead.

Flipping through wallet of other people never amused Josh. He always go straight to the dollars, or the coins. That was how he did his business, fast and to the point.

The cold woman dragged by her ginger hair, all the way down to the dark alley.

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